The New Unity

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Contents

EDITORIAL. Page.
Notes 805
Lincoln's Religion 806
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.
Redeemed (*verse*), by LUCIUS C. WEST; A Study in Scotch, by "BLINK BONNIE"; The "Mystery" of Death, by ERASTUS B. CAKE 807
Sowing and Reaping, or the War Cry, by E. A. COIL 808
As the Sun (*verse*), by WM. BRUNTON; William Henry Furness 809
The Soul's Perfect Peace 810
The Nagarkar Mission 811
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT.
Responsive Reading (*Zend Avesta*); Lincoln's Home State, by E. G. HIRSCH 811
THE HOME.
Helps to High Living (*Henry Drummond*); In the Garden (*verse*); Little Red Squirrel 813
THE LIBERAL FIELD 814
THE STUDY CLUB 816
THE STUDY TABLE 816
ANNOUNCEMENTS 820

Editorial

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender, to look for the budding flower and the opening heart, to hope always, to love always, —this is duty.—Amiel.

IT is estimated that there are at least one hundred thousand Poles in the city of Chicago. Most of these have worn, at least on their Sunday best clothes, a black button bearing the figures 1795-1895. This is the quiet badge of mourning celebrating the centennial of their humiliation, the ex-patriation of a people. During these twelve months of the centennial year they have been denying themselves on their festivities in order to augment the fund which is to place a monument to Kosciusko, to be erected somewhere in this city. What pathos is here suggested! How loyal is the human soul! How artificial are the conquests of men!

PROF. MOULTON'S second volume of the "Modern Readers' Bible" is before us, containing a literary editing and printing of "Ecclesiasticus." The preceding volume was a similar handling of the Book of Proverbs. We know of no prettier, more timely and more prophetic fruit of the current press than these books. They indicate a better day for the Bible. They are restoring it to literature where it belongs, rescuing it from the clutches of the dogmatist and the ecclesiastic where the most of it does not belong.

AT last "The Chicago Woman's Educational Union" is ready to move on the public schools with its "Bible Reader." Advance sheets of the book compiled by them have been extensively published in the local papers and the Union is out with a great relay of a hundred names, clerical and lay, to urge the book upon the Board of Education. Judging from these advance sheets the book itself will be a very interesting compilation, but also a sad illustration of the crime of vivi-section and mutilation. Contexts are ruthlessly destroyed; the color of time and place dismissed, all for the sake of a Bible that will be "unobjectionable" to everybody. The virility of the old Bible is largely sacrificed. The vitality of a hand-book of ethics and religion is greatly marred because the compilers have strenuously refused to admit any ethical scripture outside the Jewish and Christian Bible. If the compilation had been as cosmopolitan as the claim of the Union and the universality of the ethical and spiritual inspiration had been recognized by the admission of kindred passages from other sources, then we might have a book that would be non-dogmatic and non-sectarian. The excluding principle of the compilers has still burdened this book with the Christian claim, to say the least, and that *enforced* upon public schools of a country which is not Christian or Pagan, simply human and universal, is an attempt to teach religion and morals by an irreligious and immoral assumption and authority.

AT last Dr. Barrows has reached his final farewell as Pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city. Last Sunday he preached to an immense throng of tearful friends. The Friday night preceding a farewell reception was tendered him in the social rooms of the church. During Mr. Barrows' address, he took occasion to enlighten the average layman who thinks a city minister has an easy job and sometimes wonders what it is that he does to earn his salary, or why he should spend it so after it is earned. These figures are profitable to other laymen not at the reception and so we reproduce them.

"In the fourteen years I have been with you I find that I have read, or read in, 1,000 books, and many hundreds of magazines, and more than 12,000 newspaper and pamphlets. I have traveled 20,000 miles, from Berlin to San Francisco, from Minneapolis to San Antonio. I have preached 2,000 sermons, including in this list my lectures and formal addresses, which have always been in the line of preaching. I find that my parish has extended from Grindelwald and London to the Pacific coast; and from St. Augustine, Fla., to Minnesota. And yet the number of times that I have spoken outside of the city and outside of my own pulpit is not great compared with the addresses I have given in this church. I have written about 200 newspaper and magazine articles. I have made 8,000 calls and have received about 25,000 calls. I have christened more than 100 children, officiated at 220 funerals and 253 weddings.

Dr. Barrows volunteered the imformation that he had lived through all this, was alive and vigorous now because six years ago a physician had told him how "to get exercise and physical development which would not tax a tired man but rest him." This is too good a thing to keep secret. Perhaps if the doctor would promulgate it, it would be missionary work second in value only to what he hopes to do for India. God speed and good luck to the genial brother!

LAST week the senior editor was on the circuit again. On Wednesday night he was at Madison, telling the story of the Parliament of Religions and the "what next" of it, to a goodly audience in the Unitarian Church, finding the work of Mr. Simonds at flow tide. For four Sunday evenings this leader has been at the Opera House filling it so that many go away. The success has been so signal that it needs further studying and so they venture to transfer their morning services there for the next month. This will enable them to find out how much of a weight the conventional church building and its surroundings is to the average outsider. On Thursday night he was at the Hillside Chapel learning again how much church is possible without a preacher and how much service even a small community of fraternal souls may render one another by being priests unto themselves. Here he told the story of Lincoln from the Log Cabin to the White House. Friday night he was at Spring Green, the place where once he used to hunt the cows barefooted, and continued the story of Lincoln into war times; and found this country village groping towards the privileges of the open faith. Sunday

morning he "rattled around" in Dr. Hirsch's place. The temple was filled with a large audience of Jews. The preacher was not of the house of Abraham after the flesh and still there was no evidence of a chasm, while Abraham Lincoln was the theme. It was a demonstration of the truth enunciated by Dr. Hirsch in his New York speech,—"in the alchemy of reverence, race and creed distinctions fade." On Sunday evening he conducted the five o'clock service in the Peoples Church at Aurora, on an exchange with Dr. College, to an audience that filled all the spaces. This five o'clock idea is a great hit in Aurora. Dr. College draws large audiences from all classes. A simple service, a mind and life quickening word. And then back to the Sunday evening at home. Why not others try it?

In these Lincoln days, it is well to remember that all his problems were not triumphantly settled during his life. The office-seeker will find much to teach him in the life of the great president. If ever a young man needed an office and had occasion to seize it as an open door, Abraham Lincoln was that young man, but when the office of assistant county surveyor was offered him by a democratic incumbent his answer was: "If I can be perfectly free in my political action I will take the office, but if my sentiments, or even the expression of them, is to be abridged in any way, I would not have it or any other office." And when in office, though it was the golden opportunity for happy claims and speculative investments, he made not a single investment. He dismounted that a poor man might take his horse and get to the land office and enter a tract of land adjoining his home before a wealthy speculator could get there, but he himself never made such a race. "It is not just," he said, "to pay the debts of personal friendship with offices that belong to the people." A few days after the fall of Richmond, pointing to a crowd of office-seekers at his door, he said: "Look at that. We have conquered the rebellion, but here you see something that may become more dangerous to this republic than the rebellion itself." Alas! his subjunctive had been changed into the declarative mood. They have been more dangerous. The flag which the soldiers redeemed in blood has been trailed in disgrace by office-seekers, trampled in the mud of party patronage, humiliated by those whom the nation has trusted, while the spirit of pelf, party patronage and self-seeking politics have been a greater disgrace and expense to this nation than rebellion has been. One thing is sure, the country is richer in the life that was lost for her honor's sake than in the life that was saved that it might grow rank and rotten in her service.

Lincoln's Religion.

Lincoln's theological credentials are very slender and very doubtful. Lincoln was by pre-eminence America's man of faith. The very things he did not believe in witness his religiousness. His denials were his devotions. Intellectually, he was a student of sacred things, a lover of such books as help interpret life and throw some light on the mystery of being. The Bible was his childhood's daily food and the meagerness of his home was lit up by the simple reverence of simple hearts. Once when his father had asked a blessing on a meal consisting wholly of warmed over potatoes, he did venture to ask if they were not rather poor blessings to make much mention of. This was Abraham Lincoln's attitude toward the conventional creeds of his day and of ours. The works of Thomas Paine, Volney and Voltaire were among the many volumes that he devoured during outwardly idle days. He wrote out the argument and read it at the village store against supernatural Christianity and in favor of the faith of reason and of nature. But the storekeeper thought it was sacrilegious and put it into the stove. Later, in his Springfield life, the "Vestiges of Creation," that unique and, until recently, anonymous book that was the forerunner of Darwin and Spencer, interested him much and the thought of evolution, the universal law, found in him an earnest champion. Once he said, "There are no accidents in my philosophy." David Davis, his intimate co-laborer, said, "He had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects, but no faith in the ordinary sense of the term," meaning of course, in the theological sense. To another friend he said, "I am a kind of immortalist. I never could bring myself to believe in eternal punishment."

And another friend says that on the doctrine of depravity, atonement and infallibility of the written revelation and such questions, he was utterly at variance with those usually taught in the church. Herndon, his law partner, tells us with what avidity he read the writings of Channing, and that the author whose views most nearly represented those of Mr. Lincoln was probably Theodore Parker, from whose writings Lincoln elaborated the memorable phrase of a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." To Carpenter, who painted the signing of the emancipation, he said, "I never joined any church, because I never could bring myself to believe their creeds. When I can find a church based on the golden rule, that church will I gladly join." And Nicolay, his private secretary, says there is no ground to believe that these opinions were ever changed. After his death the religious world found a great and perplexing task on their hands, that of trying to get this great, throbbing hearted Lincoln, the savior of so many souls to liberty, into heaven through their creed doors. They tried to prove his religiousness by making out that he thought of Jesus, of God and of the Bible something as they did.

Let us rather believe that he was religious because he had a god-like love in his heart, because he sought to be an embodied righteousness, a truth teller, because in him the human instincts of the nineteenth century culminated, because he was able to throw aside ecclesiastical and political trappings, do without the helps and stays that are considered necessary to the intellectual and moral lives of most men and rise by virtue of an internal force into the sublimity of a full manhood in his plain manliness, proving his relationship to all that is infinite and eternal. We will find his religion indicated by his oft flowing tears for the suffering. He established his kinship with the Man of Nazareth by going up and down this world, as he did, doing good. His were the beatitudes which the elder brother had pronounced blessed, "the pure in heart, the meek, the merciful, the poor in spirit, the peacemaker," he was one who "hungered after righteousness," and was, oh, so sadly persecuted for truth's sake, and the reward of being so persecuted, which came to the one while nailed to the cruel cross on Calvary, came to the other on the wings of the swift flying bullet as he sat in Ford's theater at Washington.

If there is any glory corner anywhere in the universe where the hallelujahs of four million emancipated slaves may not carry the soul of Abraham Lincoln because, forsooth, his head worked as well as his heart when he was flesh environed, then, my friends, we can do without that glory corner ourselves, and if there is anywhere a great white throne not accessible to the plain manliness, to the motherly tenderness, the godlike charity and sympathy of Abraham Lincoln, then we can forego such a throne ourselves.

The heaven of Abraham Lincoln is good enough, the hell of Abraham Lincoln is not too bad for us. Ah! there lies a searching, solemn exaction in this confession. His heaven is only for those who, with bleeding feet, have walked the rocky road he traveled, who have tasted the Mara waters of high service. His life arraigns our selfishness, rebukes our cupidity, but it girds our courage. His life was another drop in that sacred vat where human lives, like grapes from God's vintage, yield the wine that strengthens the spirit of truth and justice in the world. If we would know the religion of Abraham Lincoln, let us save the American flag from further stains, keep it untarnished as an emblem of love, liberty and law to all nations and to all ages.

"I, for one, have not only a cordial affection for my own nation, but also for British rule. I believe that, with all its faults, it is often a beneficent and a generous rule, and were it possible to annex to-morrow, without injustice to others, or heavy moral and social loss to ourselves, the whole of Africa, from the Straits of Gibralter and the Isthmus of Suez to the Cape Colony, and place it under the English rule, I, for one, should cordially welcome that possibility. But a nation, like an individual, may pay too dearly for desirable objects. It is highly probable that Naboth's Vineyard, lying as it did, contiguous to the domains of Ahab, formed an exceedingly desirable adjunct to that property. The mistake in Jezebel's calculation lay in the fact that the price ultimately to be paid for the annexation somewhat exceeded the value of the land."

Read the inducements offered on page 816 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help The New Unity and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Redeemed.

BY LUCIUS C. WEST.

Suggested by an incident related by Rev. Allen W. Gould in a sermon at the People's Church, at Kalamazoo.

Hemming and felling, with pittance for pay,
Wearily, hopelessly, day after day,
Maiden still comely and spotless as snow,
Drudgingly battling with poverty's foe.

All the romance from her pathway had fled,
Serving the living and mourning the dead;
Heart aches and hunger her portion had been,
Toiling for others and keeping from sin.

Time for the joys and broad culture of life,
Pastime of youth with its fond pleasures rife,
Fate had denied her, and yet seemed to shine
Forth from her sad eyes a something divine.

Hands soft and waxen grew callous and sore,
Fingers artistic were shapely no more.
Faithful to duty, while never a thought,
Came to her mind of the future, 'till brought

Down to death's portal, and then to her came
Things she had heard about souls to reclaim;
Jesus must save her from some future woe,
Else she must perish—it seemed to her so.

Why had she waited? What made her forget?
Life one long sorrow, and now dark regret.
Willingly served she in labors of love—
Would it not count in her favor above?

Needs must a penalty ever be paid,
For a corruption some fancy has laid
Deep in the innermost core of the soul,
When its true wishes all goodness extol?

Anxious, she beckoned a friend standing by:
"Tell me, I pray thee," she lisped, "e'er I die,
What can I do to be saved at the last,
I've been so busy, and time travels fast?"

Tenderly stroking those tresses most fair,
Smoothing the forehead now furrowed with care,
Answered her friend, with a look so sublime
Death had no terrors—came comfort in time.

"What can you do, child? Ah! what should you fear?
Show Him your hands, Oh, my poor little dear!
Nothing is needed to cleanse you of sin;
Show Him your scarred hands and He'll let you in."

A Study in Scotch.

BY "BLINK BONNIE."

Since McLaren's Bonnie Brier Bush has taken such a hold on the heart strings of the reading public, many good people who believed in the truth of the English wits saying, "that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, are beginning to doubt this statement, after making the acquaintance of the worthies of Drumtochty village.

Most Americans are familiar with the character that passes in the newspapers for the typical Scott, sandy-haired, hard-featured, clannish to his countrymen, and a great hand to drive a bargain. The last person on earth a stranger would credit with a love for fun, but the reader who with patience makes a study of Scotch character comes to a very different conclusion. For with few exceptions, every Scotchman is a born humorist. On the most solemn occasions, Sandy will crack his joke. It may be difficult for a stranger to catch the point in a moment, for Scotch humor lacks the brilliancy of Irish wit, but the point is there nevertheless and worth looking for.

The canny, panky humor of Scotland crops out in the pulpit, the store, and the council chamber. Good specimens come from all classes of society, passing from their lips with as much ease as the burn runs down the mountain side, to mingle with the waters of some picturesque Highland lake. And strange as it may seem, much of the best humor in Scotland comes from the religious peculiarities of the people. All Scotchmen are naturally religious, they imbibe philosophy and divinity from their childhood, and American and English journalists take many a "crack" at Sandy for his reverential attitude towards the kirk.

Scotland has been described as a land of oatmeal and brimstone, a sly illusion to the gastronomical qualities and theology of the people. And another equally sacrilegious critic remarked, that the Scotch people keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay their hands on. A Scotch poet says of of his native country:

Land of chivalry and freedom,
Land of old traditional fame,
May thy noble sons and daughters
Long uphold thy honored name.

Land of simple-hearted kindness,
Land of patriotic worth,
May thy virtues ever flourish,
Hardy clansman of the north.

This was all very well until an English poet raised the ire of every Scotchman by publishing the following parody:

Land of ancient bloody tyrants,
Sneaking traitors, deep and sly,
Land of thieving "Heelen teevils,"
Kilted rogues and stolen kye.

Land o' canny carefu bodies,
Foes to a' ungodly fun,
Those who sum up man's whole duty,
Heaven, hell and number one.

I do not remember, whether the author of these verses died a natural death, he certainly would have been killed had he crossed the Forth.

In all Scotch villages, no character as a rule exhibits such amusing peculiarities as the beadle of the church, who is also the grave digger and minister's man. In my boyhood, while seated in our high-backed pew in the village kirk, I used to watch the beadle with a feeling of awe, as he solemnly carried the Bible from the vestry to the pulpit. Each step was taken with a dignity of deportment, as if the whole service rested upon his shoulders. The beadle of the Free Kirk in our village, was Jamie Stewart, a shrewd, canny old man, with a weakness for an occasional dram. Jamie considered his part in the Sunday services as important as the minister's, and he was once heard to say to the smith, "that me and the minister consult about everything." One evening Jamie had been carrying round the notices for the catching class; the night was cold, and the beadle had got a "drap" just to keep him warm, at several of the houses. On his way home, as he passed a rather lonely part of the road, Jamie was horrified to see what he conceived to be, the arch enemy of mankind approaching him through the hedge. In the utmost terror he exclaimed, "Get thee behind me Satan, I am the beadle o' the Free Kirk."

When Jamie was very sick, and the doctors had some doubt about his recovery, the minister called and in a gentle manner, for old Dr. Nesbet was a loveable man, told Jamie the physician's opinion of his condition.

"A weel, sir, if it be the Lord's wull I man gane, but á wes just thinkin, that á hae buried four hundred an ninty eight fouk, sine á wes made beadle o' the parish, and gin it wes His holy wull, á wud like ta mak it a straight five hundred."

Jamie always prided himself in being a good judge of a sermon, and his criticism upon any strange minister was accepted as final at the village smiddy. A young theological student from Edinburgh, supplied the pulpit one Sunday, and thinking to get a laugh out of the beadle said,

"Jamie, you have heard so many sermons, I dare say you could preach one yourself."

"Ha, ha, á cudna preach a sermon, but á cud draw an enference."

"Well," said the student winking to his companions, "what inference would you draw from Jer. ii., 24: A wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?" "Deed, sir," replied Jamie, "the natural enference wud be, that she wud snuff a lang time, before she wud fatten on't."

Not satisfied, the student risked another question, "Can you tell me Jamie why the Israelites made a golden calf?"

"I cudna say, sir," answered the beadle, "unless they hadna as muckle siller, as wud mak a coo."

A few months before Jamie's death, while confined to his room, two of the elders of the church paid him a visit. It so happened that when they arrived at the house, the beadle was engaged in praying aloud. Not wishing to disturb his devotions, the two elders waited at the bedroom door, till he had finished. When they entered, they complimented him on his prayer. "O' it wes no say bad," Jamie answered, "but had á kend ye were listenin, á wud let ye hear far better than yon."

The "Mystery" of Death.

BY ERASTUS B. CAKE.

The presence of death—which is thought to be an evil—in the creation of the All-powerful and the All-good, seems both to the thoughtful and thoughtless, both to the high and low, both to the prince in his palace, and the peasant in his hovel, a great mystery.

All, and everywhere struggle with the problem, and at last cannot understand why the Creator should introduce death into His creation: or at least permit it with the confusion and ruin that it brings for the pleasure of eliminating or destroying it.

Many after a vain and hopeless struggle with the problem, give it up and find their satisfaction in saying, great, and past finding out is the mystery of death. Others grow hard and bitter towards the All-powerful, because He permits it, or at the first permitted such an invasion of His creation as to allow death and all the evil which flows from it.

Does it not occur to many to ask, why the older answers, or explanations given in our Bible,—and for that matter, the answers given in other Bibles than our own—for the mystery of death, is now most unsatisfying to reason? Is it because reason discovered a contradiction between the All-power and All-goodness, and the existence of death? May it not be that these older solutions are but tentative; are subject to revision and restatement, as better data has come into the court of reason? I think we may say with great confidence, that an abstract study of death will not yield us, or supply a satisfactory definition of death and evil.

The account we have in the allegorical picture in the Bible, book of Genesis, compiled as it was about the time of the Babylonish captivity from several ancient traditions, is an attempt of Hebrew thought to encompass the problem, to solve the difficulty. It fixes the two terms in, first, the "subtlety of the serpent," and second, in the appeal of Elohim to man's lust. I repeat, this solution, or attempt at solution is now seen to be most fanciful and childish,

most inadequate and unsatisfying to a majority of the thoughtful.

About the time of the exile, the Hebrews came into contact with Persian theory, that that will give color and shape to all their subsequent ideas of death. The Persian idea at this time was, the earth is the theater of a gigantic struggle between the good-God, and the evil-God, one arrayed on the side of life, the other on the side of death. The evidence that the Hebrews were borrowers from these Persian sources is found in the Talmudic literature and in the books that we name Apochryphal; and copiously evidenced in the New Testament Gospels.

I think we may now say, feeling that we have the solid ground of reality under our feet, that all the attempts of Hebrew or Persian in their literature that has come down to us, is an honest, but a human attempt to explain the origin of death and of evil.

Just to the extent that these old solutions of the problem fail to satisfy reason, and are found to be at variance with discovered scientific fact, attention is being turned in other directions.

It is now seen by those whose thought seems clearest and most rational, that the whole creation is a unit. It is not dual under two divine forces, one benevolent, the other malevolent, one for good, the other for evil and for our hurt, one always for life, the other always and everywhere for death. The creation expresses a benevolent, divine purpose and whatever the difficulty, it is not in creation; it is much more likely to be found in man's conception of it and in the hollowness and inadequacy of his words and ideas to express it.

If we would understand death, which has been denominated an evil, as has been, and yet is by so many regarded as belonging to the puntative side of law, a penalty for the misdeeds of our primitive ancestors, we will not find satisfaction in studying those old musty tomes, though they are called the word of God, or holy and sacred scriptures. In a late book, "A Study of Death," by Henry M. Alder, the author says: "Death and evil are essentially one, and belong to life in its creative activity." It is only when we express death, death normal and natural, in the terms of life, death as an essential element in the operation of life, that we approximate the phylosophy of the cosmos. To a finite being, one who is the subject of, and susceptible to the process of education, of development, to gradations of life from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the more and even more complex, death becomes a part of the life-process. It is, therefore, along the lines of life, if anywhere, that we are to find the meaning of death. Paul is reaching after a very large ideal, when in one of his rapturous moments, he exclaims, "death is swallowed up of life." Yes, it is life that takes death up into itself, and then only comes the "abundance of life."

There is no reasonableness, in truth, there is much unreasonableness in the thought, in the supposition that God permitted death from a malevolent source, that he might destroy it, and "he who had the power of death." It is far more reasonable to suppose that these earlier attempts at solving the problem, will be driven a-field by a scientific and rational solution. Such a solution is now at hand. Everywhere we see normal, natural death, entering in as part of creative purpose, as the movement is on and upward.

In this view of death which I have most inadequately expressed, not at all commensurate with the interest that gathers around the problem, there is necessarily the elimination of all malevolent supernaturalism in the introduction of death and evil into the creation. All is natural and of divine intent on, no malevolent, but benevolent. There is not dual creation in the Persian conception, but one universe permeated by the one divine intelligence, and moving on through easy and natural stages and through means which man by his necessary limitations has most grossly and inadequately interpreted. The fallacy, perhaps, gathers most about the current idea, that our Bible is God's speech. It is man's speech throughout, who has been stirred to speech by divine phenomena, within and without him, the speech changing as he advanced in comprehending the universe. And this change of speech is going on now more than at any past time.

Darwin in his "Origin of Speech" tells us, "there is in all forms of life a tendency to revert to the original type." In thought conception concerning the mystery of death, there is a manifest tendency to revert to the oldest primitive Christian type of which Jesus is the prophet. This may be said to be the time before the religion of Jesus passed into the servility of paganism: before it was corrupted by a dying age. He as the prophet of a new age, gives a new insight and interpretation of death; he called it "sleep," —it is life taking on fresh vigor. He gives no intimation that it is puntition, the recoil at the end of a violated command by a far-away ancestor. He was ages in advance of his time, and though we are nearing the dawn of the twentieth century; and though millions call themselves Christian and boast in Him as their all, they still go on repeating the Persian dual theory—of the universe the theater of a great tragedy, the prime actors being a God-benevolent and a God-malevolent. Would that we could say, a bit of harmless fiction. They forget, or do not care to know, that creation is an orderly movement, and that it is going on as much today as at any past time, "when the stars sog together and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

All we find in normal creation is necessary to it. Death is a part of progressive creation and is therefore necessary to it.

There is no evidence that the Almighty started out to create a race of earthly immortals, more fully developed at the start than further on in its history. Immortality is in the divine purpose, and so is death that rides of lower forms and changes environment.

Maysville, Ky.

Sowing and Reaping or The War Cry.

Editor of THE NEW UNITY: In view of their past record, if it were not so serious it would be entertaining to contemplate the position many have taken in the controversy precipitated by the president's message relating to the Venezuelan controversy. A number of peace-loving citizens have expressed surprise and regret that the first reponse to the message indicated such wide-spread willingness to appeal to arms. I fear, however, many have been for a long time overlooking the well-established fact that "men do not gather figs of thistles." An actual case will make my meaning clear. A very enthusiastic minister whose work I have followed closely for a number of years, rushed into his pulpit on the Sunday following the presidential manifesto and after picturing the horrors of war and deploring the fact that a bloody conflict was possible, declared in favor of peace. But for a long time that same preacher of the gospel of peace has had connected with his church a large cadet corps, uniformed, armed with guns and held together largely by the military spirit. In this he is far from being alone. And yet he was surprised, aye, horrified, because the response to the president's message indicated that many people in this country are willing to go to war. In many places military training has been introduced into our public schools, deadly weapons have been put into the hands of young men and they have been taught how to use them in every way except actually shooting down their fellow men. Still it seems strange and deplorable to many that there is so much militarism in the air. Of late years we have been building great armories in many of our cities. Large appropriations have been made to strengthen our navy. And yet men ask, "Why this apparent willingness on the part of our people to rush into battle?"

For months our magazines and papers have surrendered themselves up to the Napoleonic craze. Young and old, male and female, have had the hero of many battles thrust before them daily for so long a time that to ignore him, even had they been so disposed, was impossible. The effect of all this upon the minds of those who have been giving and receiving military training in our CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, but who know nothing practically of the awfulness of war is in part indicated now by the "militarism in the air." I have read somewhere that "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch," and for some reason those words frequently come into my mind as I contemplate current events.

"When men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," we may be able to sow wildly the seeds of war and reap the fruits of peace. Until then the *Christian* (?) statement that "long range cannon are the best arguments for peace," will be difficult to sustain. I believe it is written in the good book that things shall "bring forth after their kind." Whether it is or is not, observation has led a good many to believe that such is the law of generation. The gospel of love and goodwill to men may be conceived in the womb of "long-range cannon" and born thereof, but if so we will have to note a remarkable exception to nature's laws. I think it is apparent to us all that, as a means of suppression, implements of war are sometimes effectual. But Channing long ago pointed out the fact that "suppression by force is not order. It is rebellion kept down." And rebellion kept down should not be mistaken for the kingdom of God on earth. It is a very different article, and of the day or the hour when it may break out in mortal strife, no man knoweth. Not long ago, W. D. Howells, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, called attention to the fact that whole cities, even to the elevator boys shut up in their cages, with no possibility of seeing, become intensely interested in the outcome of an intercollegiate game. Also that "multitudes of people gather in front of the newspaper offices when they are flashing the vote on election night in figures of fire, when ninety-nine hundredths of the spectators cannot possibly gain or lose anything by the result." Possibly there is such a thing as unthinking individuals, and finally, communities being caught up in currents of thought and borne onward, much as the little bark on the bosom of a great river is, unless the oars are intelligently applied, borne on toward the sea. If so, let those who protest that militarism in our churches, schools, magazines, papers, municipal and national life does not tend in the least to produce war in fact, but rather hinders it, continue their present course, and one of these mornings we will awake with such an awful case of "didn't know it was loaded" on our hands as will make the civilized world quake from center to circumference.

E. A. COIL.

Marietta, Ohio.

As the Sun.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A good man goes like sun to rest,
His work of helping nobly done,
With light his pathway he has blest,
Then still goes on,—the shining sun!

William Henry Furness.

Dr. Furness was born in Boston, April 20, 1802. His earliest education at one "dame's school" after another was in company with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was a year younger than himself. A happy consequence of this coincidence is certain very precious recollections of Emerson's childhood and youth in Cabot's "Life of Emerson." Dr. Furness says they were babies together, and, indeed, they were that at school. Before his third birthday we find Emerson's father complaining that he did not read very well. Later they went to the Latin School together and to a private school at the same time to learn to write, and Dr. Furness tells how his companion's tongue worked up and down with his pen, and thanks heaven that "he never had any talent for anything, nothing but pure genius which talents would have overlaid." Inspired by the naval victories of the War of 1812, young Emerson wrote a romance in verse called "Fortus," and young Furness furnished the illustrations. It was a work of mutual admiration and is still preserved by an appreciative friend. Another school-fellow of the earliest times was Mr. Samuel Bradford. Emerson, in the seventies, wrote that the three "had agreed not to grow old, at least, to each other." The agreement was well kept. Dr. Furness and Emerson had ever a very great affection for each other, but had little correspondence. There is a beautiful story current to the effect that once, when Furness had broken the long silence, Emerson regretted it; it had been so pleasant to be sure of mutual recollection without any sign.

From the Latin School Dr. Furness went to Harvard College and was graduated in 1820; from the Cambridge Theological School in 1823. Preaching as a candidate in various churches in and around Boston, he received no call, whereat he was well pleased—"such a hearty dread," he says in his fiftieth anniversary discourse, the most considerable bit of autobiography he left for our instruction, "had I of being settled in Boston, whose church-goers had in those days the reputation of being terribly critical, and rhetoric then and there was almost a religion." Afterwards, while preaching in Baltimore for a few Sundays, he received an invitation to preach in Philadelphia on his way to Boston, and, doing so, was invited, before he left, to return and be the minister of the society. He had ever a suspicion that the committee which invited him comprised nearly the whole meeting they professed to represent. Philadelphia was a great way from Boston, the Unitarian center, and ordinations were a solemn business in those days, so that six months were consumed in making the necessary preparations; but finally Mr. Furness was ordained, January 12, 1825. Those taking part in the service were mostly young men, but one of them was Dr. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester, Mass., father of the late George Bancroft, one of the Unitarian pioneers, then in his seventieth year. Dr. Furness was the first regular pastor of the Philadelphia society, though in 1825 it was already thirty-nine years old. It had been organized in 1796 by Dr. Joseph Priestly, who had come to this country two years before. He was living at that time in Northumberland, Pa., and had come to Philadelphia to deliver certain lectures on the evidences of Christianity. The interest excited by these lectures led to the organization of a Unitarian society, the first organized as such in the United States, though King's Chapel, Boston, had fallen away from Episcopacy into Unitarianism nine years before. Priestly could not be persuaded to remain in Philadelphia and become the pastor of the new society, but advised the regular lay reading of Unitarian literature, and this was kept up, with some lay and clerical preaching, until 1825. A small brick octagon church was built in 1813, which in 1828 was displaced by the pleasant and commodious building in which Dr. Furness preached till the conclusion of his active pastorate in 1875.

Dr. Furness had several qualities that made for his success in the ministry: a fine face and noble presence, a voice remarkable for depth and melody, a style of great simplicity. His was "a standard of pulpit reading which he himself exemplified without a peer," and no higher standard has been known among us. He had his favorite passages, and to hear him read the parable of the Prodigal Son was ever an event; but his reading of any passage or hymn and of his own discourses was wonderfully beautiful and impressive. His work as a minister of religion was profoundly individual. Though his ministry began in the most heated period of the Unitarian Controversy, his own preaching was never positive and controversial. Its doctrinal part was incidental. When he had occasion to oppose ideas, there was seldom a descent to personal polemics. Channing himself was not more unsectarian than he, or less denominational. Personally he kept himself aloof from all denominational organizations—a circumstance not a little irritating to Dr. Bellows and others with a like passion for organized activities; and his society followed his example. He could never be induced to attend the meetings of the National Conference until it came to Philadelphia, and fairly "roped him in," when he was eighty-seven years old. Then those who accepted and those who doubted his familiar word heard it with equal joy. His ecclesiastical aloofness never prejudiced his Unitarian standing in the least degree; he was counted in while counting himself out, and the warmth of his personal affections made good the lack of formal fellowship. His friendship with Dr. Hedge was, perhaps, the closest of many that enriched his life. For many younger men he had the warmest heart, and while he had some pride in his discovery of Robert Collyer, Mr. Collyer was especially greateful to him as "the first minister in good standing who didn't patronize him." In Philadelphia as a citizen and neighbor his associations had no bounds of sect or creed. Orthodox liberality was always furnishing some fresh encouragement of his faith in the essential unity of all believing souls, and the Roman Catholic bishop was a favorite companion and furnished him with some of the best stories in a repertory that was always full and overflowing.

Dr. Furness's preaching was not a circle with one center, but an ellipse with two, from the inception of the anti-slavery conflict till the end of the Civil War. The two centers were the naturalness of Jesus and his miracles and the abolition of slavery. His interests and engrossment in the anti-slavery cause caused him much broken friendship and social disesteem; some that he loved and trusted most doing their best to keep him back from manly opposition to the nation's sin. But they could not do it. His courage grew with opposition, and let who would hear him or forbear, his convictions found frequent and unmistakable expression in his Sunday speech. Marie Weston Chapman speaks of him as coming at length "into practical fellowship with the American abolitionists." To more than that, with his distrust of all organizations, he could not attain. The proudest recollection of his life was of the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York in 1850 signalized by the Rynders mob. He saw it all and was a part of it as one of the speakers of the day. His reminiscences of the event were the most comprehensive on which the sons of Garrison could draw for their account of this interesting episode of their father's life. "Never before or since," wrote Dr. Furness, "have I been so deeply moved as on that occasion. Depths were stirred in me never before reached." Lucretia Mott, whose quiet courage, during the progress of the mob was not to be excelled, was one of Dr. Furness's most valued friends, and an equal passion for the abolition of slavery was their friendship's closest bond. Charles Sumner was another anti-slavery friend, and, after the Brooks assault he went in company with Dr. Furness to the hills in search of health and strength. Harriet Martineau was his guest in 1834-5, when her sympathy with Garrison made her so obnoxious to the majority of the Christain public in America, and in her memoirs there is frequent reference to him; but he is somewhat disfeatured by that treacherous memory of hers, which forgot the fact and recalled as easily what "had not gone through the form of taking place."

The other center of Dr. Furness's enthusiasm as a preacher became the only one when slavery was at length abolished. Even before that it seemed to him, as he reviewed his life, that his interest in the anti-slavery cause did not divert him from his interest in the historical value of the Four Gospels, but rather made it more; helped him better to appreciate the human dignity of Jesus and the spirit of his work. Few lives have been so unified by a course of study flowing with unabated energy from first to last for more than fifty years.

Eight or ten major books and scores of lesser books and pamphlets were the literary products which this current bore along. The order of the more important volumes was "Remarks on the Four Gospels," 1836; "Jesus and his Biographers," 1838; "History of Jesus," 1850; "Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth," 1859; "The Veil Partly Lifted," 1864; "The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels," 1868; "Jesus," 1871. All these had but a single two-fold theme: the historical validity of the Gospels proved by the naturalness of their contents and the naturalness of Jesus, without exception on account of the miracles ascribed to him, and without questioning their actual occurrence. With each new volume, as he went on "still clutching the inviolable shade with a free onward impulse," he thought he had done it better than before, only to become soon dissatisfied and set out on another quest. For many of his later years he seldom preached on anything but one or another aspect of his favorite theme. "I suppose you write many sermons," he said to a young friend about 1870; "I write only one, but I keep on writing it over." There was something pathetic in this long insistence, especially when more and more he failed to command the assent or even to catch the ear of his coreligionists or others. When the first volume of his series was published in 1836, it attracted much more attention and was considered much more dangerously radical than Emerson's "Nature," published in the same year; but in the course of time its positions came to be regarded as con-

servative and antiquated by the younger Unitarians. James Freeman Clarke accepted them, and did much for a time to increase their general currency. For many, they were stepping-stones from supernaturalism to the anti-supernaturalism of the later schools. While Dr. Furness merely sought to prove the validity of the Gospels from the naturalness of their narration, many were well pleased; but when, accepting the miracles of Jesus as facts, he went on to insist upon their perfect naturalness, there was much distrust and fear, while to some the calling of things so exceptional as the New Testament miracles natural, as if calling them so could make them so, smacked of pure logomachy. Dr. Furness pleaded that the normal excellence of Jesus enabled him to do exceptional but still natural things, and the inevitable answer was, "Then why do not all good men in the degree of their goodness have something of his power?" and to this he had no reply.

The impulse of Dr. Furness's method probably came from Paulus's "Life of Jesus," published in Germany in 1828, or from his "Exegetical Hand-book," published in 1830-33. The fundamental rationalism was the same in either case, but Dr. Furness's handling of the principle was that of a poet, while Herr Paulus's was that of a man absolutely prosaic and devoid of taste. Many of Dr. Furness's interpretations are real helps to a better understanding of the Gospels and the character of Jesus, and, where they are not, their ingenious subtlety and their unfailing beauty are a great delight. It is generally agreed that the volumes of 1836 and 1838 contain the best he had to give, though some of the other volumes, and especially "Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth," have very interesting and suggestive passages. An excellent German scholar, he was urged by a Philadelphia publisher to make a volume on the prose writers of Germany, but he chose to hand over the opportunity to his friend Dr. Hedge, whose well-known book he saw through the press, contributing to it some valuable parts. Hedge would have shared with him the publisher's award, but Furness refused; the pity of it—for it was all invested in a Vermont railroad and never heard of more. In 1865 Dr. Furness translated Schenkel's "Character of Jesus Portrayed." The work, undertaken sympathetically, became, as it went on, the nearest approach to polemics that Dr. Furness ever made, at so many points he found himself opposed to Schenkel out and out. In 1856 he published a volume of German tales, in 1859 "Gems of German Verse," and in 1886 "Verses: Translations from the German and Hymns." Among the translations was one of extraordinary beauty from Schiller's "Song of the Bell." Of his hymns one stands out from all others as perfect in its kind: "Slowly by God's hand unfurled." There is no lovelier evening hymn. It is, however, more simple and effective as cut down to four stanzas in various hymnals than in the original form. His own favorite of all his verses was a "Song of Old John Brown," which is full of noble fire. Other of his publications were "Domestic Worship," a volume of prayers for the family, and a volume of sermons in 1855. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the *Christian Examiner*.

He was of a most genial disposition, loyal alike to old friends and old books. For Sydney Smith and the early Edinburgh Reviewers generally he had the warmest admiration. But he was a quick discoverer of many new things also, and his enthusiastic recommendation of the books he liked was frequently a boon that publishers might prize. He was one of the first admirers of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" and sounded wide its praise. So it was with Miss Wilkin's "Humble Romance" and with "Laddie" and "Miss Toosey's Mission." Insistence was the habit of his life. He went on gratuitously advertising his new delight until another took its place. But he was never quickly off with the old or on with the new.

Dr. Furness was married August 29, 1825, to Annis Pulling Jenks, of Salem, Mass., and she outlived by several years the conclusion of his pastorate in 1875. She was a lady of great beauty, and her portrait by Sully, painted in her early womanhood, is one of the most beautiful examples of his art. Her face was imaged in her mind and in her heart. Their oldest son, William, an artist of great promise, died in his early manhood. The other children have all won distinction in their separate fields, Dr. Horace H. Furness as a Shakspere scholar, Mr. Frank Furness as an architect, Mrs. Annie Lee Wister as a translator of German novels. The happiness of Dr. Furness in his children was his crowning joy. After his retirement from the regular duties of the ministry in 1875 he was regarded by his former people as their pastor emeritus, and often preached for them, and in a few years was formerly invested with the office. His successor, the Rev. Joseph May, a son of the Rev. Samuel J. May, with a full portion of his father's spirit, was as well qualified as any one could be to take up Dr. Furness's work and carry it on with all the quiet earnestness and public spirit of the patriarch who laid it down.—J. W. CHADWICK in *New York Evening Post*.

The Soul's Perfect Peace.

"Yonder is the sea, great and wide."

It was upon a tranquil August day that I first saw the ocean. And strangely enough, perhaps, my only feeling as I looked upon the "sea, great and wide," was one of deep disappointment. To state the case with all frankness, the ocean did not meet my expectations. Painter and poet, sailor and scientist, had conspired to create for me imaginations, painful at this moment of disillusion. Where were the "foamy, yeasty waves"—where the "confused heads of the multitudinous sea" of which I had so often read? Where were the "breaking waves" that to the poet's vision "dashed high, on a stern and rock-bound coast"? Yet here I stood upon that very coast, Plymouth and Marshfield near, and the waters of this terrible ocean gently lapped the low-lying sandy beach. Byron's beautiful lines seemed hardly true:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, *and music in its roar*."

In place of all this grandeur only a monotonous waste of water less angry than I have seen our inland lakes. Of course I am aware that old ocean is often grand beyond the power of genius to portray. "Billows that ebb and flood, that noise of all the winds, those prodigious sobbings, those hells and and those heavens of the unfathomed, infinite, ever-moving deep"—are all real, for they have been seen and heard of men.

But after all the sea, calm—undisturbed by winds or wave, moving indeed, but gently—is I imagine to reflection more impressive than its wrath, and its lesson is truer. The great ocean is tranquil. The surface is disturbed, the depths are at peace. We now know that the mighty waves plow deep, but beneath all are the silent waters forever unmoved by wind or storm.

I shall follow the example of many writers if I say that society is like the sea. Here too is a troubled surface, stormy, restless, wild, and here a tranquil depth of being restful and calm. History, in the past, has dealt overmuch with the storm and tempest of life. The sweet story of peace and love is as yet unwritten.

The human record as made known to us may seem a tragedy. The history that is never written is full of repose. With great learning men have traced the blood red river of war upon the scroll of progress. The white river of peace flowing on beneath the sun is unnoticed. Should one write the story of our own century after the old fashion how bloody and cruel would even these passing days seem to posterity. But we know that whole nations are rejoicing at this hour in the blessings of peace. And in all ages souls attuned to the love of God and man must have known the calm that abides with gentleness. In all ages friendship must have been a source of delight, and love the fountain of many joys. In all ages, too, faith has whispered comfort to the sad heart, and hope has cheered the weary. It is doubtful if any calamity ever wholly exiles joy. The deeps of life like the ocean depths are undisturbed. For has not the poet written:

> Hush! for the angles call,
> The love of God lives through eternity
> And conquers all!"

"All this may be true," you say, "but I am not at peace. My joys are fled; my days are full of care. I could not bury with the old year the anguish of undying grief. The new year opens but again the path I tread in pain. And if—as you have taught—some little good remains more heavy is my sense of loss that at the feast of life I have no place."

Forbid us, Truth, that we should answer such a cry with *words*. That out of our full-fed prosperity we should dole a mocking comfort to the sad.

If peace dwelt alone with gladness no answer could be given to those who challenge life and say to all our cheerful speech—"Alas! I am sad, for the summer of my life is over, the chill of its autumn is at hand." But peace dwells not alone with gladness. Seneca in exile could write Lucilius that the perfect man understands "that the most unfortunate are the fortunate, that he is great who never groans at evils." To the same intent Macaulay upon Milton. "If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Nothing had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience."

Sedate and majestic patience. Even the words are grand. The thought shames our peevishness. Thomas Carlyle was a strangely unhappy man. The whole soul of him apparently dark with grief, for he wrote,—"There is nothing but wail and lamentation in the heart of all my thoughts." Yet I find Carlyle in a moment of deep insight witnessing that grief itself is good. "One has to say for one's self—at least I have—that all the *good* I ever got, came to me rather in the shape of sorrow; that there is nothing noble or Godlike in the world but has in it something of infinite sadness. If we could realize the nobleness of grief bravely borne, we might not indeed cease to sorrow; but we should know no more the restlessness that crucifies our peace. As Guizot said to the malignant politicians of France, his persistent and powerful enemies, "Gentlemen, you can not reach the level of my content," so we may say to earthly ills—"Trouble us as you may, you cannot quite reach the level of our content."

This—if I mistake not—is ever the language of courage and faith. *Courage and faith.* Do we not need both? With courage and faith our peace is secure. In proof note

—that the New Testament, a book written by men under pressure of poverty and danger, men privately harrassed and publicly persecuted, is above all other books written by men full of light and hope. Paul's noble words express the spirit of all its pages. We are pressed on every side, yet not straightened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken. Wherefore we faint not. For our *light affliction* worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

The story of Jesus in its outward conditions is in the main infinitely sad. His high appeal to humanity unheeded save by the fickle crowd and a few ignorant peasants; teacher, priest, governor, joined in unholy alliance to compass his ruin. The multitude he would fain have fed on truth, seeking signs, loving the marvelous much while scorning the Master's message. Enemies increasing, friends fleeing, the shadow of the cross upon his soul, he enters the "Garden of Sorrows" alone. A smitten shepherd. A doomed man. A condemned prophet. Defeat and failure could not be darker. With high and holy love he has endeavored to reform his age. He has published a faith founded upon the Fatherhood of God. He has announced a social order founded upon human brotherhood. Instead of revenge, mercy. In place of hate, love. Peace, not war, the agent of progress. To the blind, he has been sight; to the lame, healing; to the dumb, a voice; to the sad, comfort; and to all, a blessing. But no merit avails now. The hour so long sorrowfully apprehended has come. Extreme desolation and extreme misery. Is there now even in Jesus any depth of being undisturbed? Any heart of faith unclouded? You know the answer. The prayer of the sorrowful Christ has been the world's sweetest expression of consolation during all the Christian centuries. The first word of that prayer is peace, "*Father.*" Whoever in the darkness can with upward look say, "Father," feels not the hell men call despair. "*All things are possible unto thee.*" Does Jesus believe in the "power over us," unlimited and loving, in his hour of utter weakness? If so, it is well. He will die on Pilate's cross, victorious over all.

Good friends, our sad world needs today —not a mystical faith in Jesus—but honestly, deep in the heart, the faith of Jesus. The faith that in the darkest hour can say "Our Father." The years as they pass must bring us many a sore trial. They need never bring us hopeless grief. In all the storm and stress of life, though we tread at times the starless path of woe, something of courage and of faith within us still may say:

"Calmly I follow where thy guiding hand
Directs my steps, I would not trembling stand;
Though all the way
Is dark as night, I stay
My soul on thee, and say—
Father, I trust thy love; lead on."

—From a sermon by W. D. Simonds.

The Nagarkar Mission.

The readers of The New Unity have read the "Humble Appeal" from our mutual friend, Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, of Bombay, India. We sincerely trust this appeal will meet not only with their approval, but also their support, and that they will realize with us the beneficial results that must accrue from the proposed mission.

In conversation with Mr. Nagarkar while in America, as well as through correspondence since his return to India, it has often occurred to us that a mission, such as is now proposed, should be established in Bombay, and that a plan might be adopted whereby sufficient funds could be raised for its partial support, without becoming a burden to any-one in particular. To this end we have suggested the "Appeal," offering our assistance and support to the same. In doing this, we are aware of the fact that "charity should begin at home"; but is it not a fact that the late Religious Congress has made brothers of us all, and that through Mr. Nagarkar and others, the Occident and the Orient have been bound in one bond of friendship and brotherly love?

Mr. Mozoomdar is able to prosecute a similar work in Calcutta and the South of India, through American support, and why not "lend a hand" to our valued friend who is carrying on his work in Bombay practically unaided. We believe here is a cause where every dollar contributed will produce direct and immediate results. Mr. Nagarkar is not only qualified to intelligently diffuse the light of truth, but being a native, knowing thoroughly the language, customs and habits of his people, he is enabled to accomplish more than is common in such cases.

The "Appeal" explains itself, and we need only add, we sincerely hope to hear favorably from you. The blank enclosed can be filled out to cover as many, or as few, years, as you may see fit; while the payments can be distributed to suit the convenience of the subscriber. We would ask, therefore, that you give this matter your kind consideration, and please return the blank, properly signed, to our secretary, along with check for such amount as will cover your first payment. In addition to personal subscriptions as above suggested, we would ask that clergymen make an appeal, upon some convenient day, to their congregation and allow such general contribution to be forwarded to us. We echo Mr. Nagarkar's hope, that you make an effort to interest others. Our secretary will keep a detailed account of all moneys received and forward the same from time to time to Mr. Nagarkar, without charge, with a full report of all subscribers, etc., etc.

Kindly address all correspondence to our secretary.

Hoping to hear favorably and promptly from you, we are,

Yours fraternally,
Dr. Thos. Kerr, Rockford, Ill.
Mrs. Erskine M. Phelps, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. L. G. Brown, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. John H. Sherratt, Rockford, Ill.
Mrs. Julia K. Barnes, "
H. H. Waldo, "
A. S. Ruhl, Sec'y, "
Committee.

Rockford, Ill., Jan. 22, 1896.

That Mrs. Olive Schreiner's interest in politics is not merely theoretical, may be seen by the fact that a very able speech on "The Political Situation, by O. S. and C. S." was read by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, in the town hall at Kimberley last summer and published by the "Cape Times" Printing Works, Cape Town. The closing sentences of the following quotation may have an application to other continents than Africa:

HE COMES TO BLESS.

He comes to bless, who comes with love,
Although nought else he brings,
And at the echo of his feet
The sorrowing spirit sings.

And men who have no faith in men,
Because they oft betray,
Will at his smile believe once more,
And know a gladder day.

For he who makes man trust in man,
And know that man can love,
Draws back the bolt which holds the door
That shuts out God above.—*Richard H. Thomas.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

XIII. Selected from the Zend Avesta.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

"We worship the Wise One who formed and furthered the spirit of earth.

We worship Him as being united with the spirit of pure men and women.

We worship the universe of the true Spirit, visible and invisible, and all that sustains the welfare of the good creation.

We praise all good thoughts, all good words, all good deeds, which are and will be.

We worship the promotion of all good, all that is very beautiful, shining, immortal, bright—everything that is good.

God appears in the best thought, the truth of speech and in sincerity of action.

He is the Father of all truth, giving through his pure spirit, health, prosperity, devotion and eternity to this universe.

Let us be such as help the life of the future. The wise living souls are the greatest supporters of it.

All perfect things are garnered up in the splendid treasure-house of the good mind, the wise and the true.

Cry aloud that they must aspire after truth!

Under the protection of God's great wisdom man acquires wisdom. In virtuous thoughts, words, deeds, God is manifested.

With these are passed all the days of a perfect man.

Your only saviour is your deeds; the aspirations of the holy shall be fulfilled.

Thou, wise Father, hast created the sacred visions!

Those who are opposed in thought, word and action to the wicked, and who think of the welfare of creation—

Their efforts will be crowned by success through the mercy of God.

I invoke those angels that reach us—the angels of good conscience, exalted piety, love of excellence, high and perfect thought—the angels of comfort and joy."

Lincoln's Home State.

Speech delivered at the banquet of the Republican Club, New York, February 12, 1896.

BY EMIL G. HIRSCH.

One is safe to maintain that today, fourscore years and ten after his advent and more than three decades after his ascension to glory, Abraham Lincoln belongs to no one state. In the flesh the son of one nation, in the spirit he is proudly claimed and his memory is treasured as a priceless inspiration to all humanity. The whole earth is a willing pedestal to his fame, and the best and noblest of all nations ask for the privilege to garland afresh each year his memorial in their hearts. In the alchemy of reverence for him, the distinctions and differences of geographical longitudes or social hierarchy are dissolved. In royal palaces and baronial manors, museums though they be of trophies won in days when America was still curtained from the ken of sea-faring man, and monuments as they are of political systems antipodal to that of which he was the most devoted exponent, and his untitled name is the sacramental symbol, the story of the simple-hearted but strong-minded American is as familiar a household word as it is in the humblest cottage of the frontier pioneer gone out to build new altars to liberty. The learned are wooed away from their musty parchments by the fresher chapters of his

life no less frequently than are the untutored of all tongues carried aloft by the fairy tale of his career. Wearers of the imperial ermine feel that he is one of their order by a right more unquestionable than heredity can ever confer, and still the unknighted and gartered commoners know as certainly that he is still of their rank. Such tribute of universal adoption is posterity's tribute to true greatness. The constellation which shines with light intense enough to be hailed in all zones, counts not many stars. The company of these elect is limited. But even in this cluster of the great and good of all ages and lands, there is none before the aureola of whose fame the brilliant halo round the martyr-head of the American rail-splitter has to pale. For the mainspring of his greatness is his unquenchable love for his people, and his unbounded faith in his nation's destiny to develop and preserve the political institutions into which the genius of freedom hath breathed the breath of life. More erudite statesmen there have been. More loyal patriot there is none whom fable or song or chronicle has immortalized.

The memory of such a man is a veritable sun, giving light and warmth to the habitations of all men on the spinning globe. But at the same time, nowhere is its radiancy more deeply known and prized than in the places that knew him when, in mortal clay, he went in and out among men. Upon them he sheds an intenser luster. Them he consecrates to a higher obligation and a profounder symbolism. Mecca is the magnet of all Islam. The patriarchs weave romance and reverence around the hill-tops upon which they tread, and lend attractive mystery to the hidden caves where their bones are laid to rest. One there was who, as the "son of man," declared his love to be wide as the confines of mankind, yet even he, linking his name to that of Palestine, hallowed for all time, with unspent potency, humble Bethlehem and contracted Galilee. So does Lincoln, though to do him honor, the sentries of our borders, the pine and the palm, rival with each other and with the two oceans that alone of all restrictions are strong enough to barrier the irresistible spread of a dominion which is the happy home of a united sisterhood of forty-six stars; so does Lincoln—though the whole world asks to have a share in his apotheosis—so does Lincoln invest with a distinct dignity his own "Home State."

Illinois was not his Galilee. But within its lines, he passed the ambitious years of his discipline under the lash of a biting poverty that fed his hunger for knowledge and awakened to action his wonderful gifts of mind, and stirred the depths of his soul; in the courts of Illinois, he won his first spurs, riding the circuits and learning to read men as thoroughly as to decipher intricate precedents and paragraphs of law; by the suffrages of the voters of an Illinois county he was first called to utilize his inexhaustible resources in the service of a larger community. It was in Illinois that he challenged his great rival for the senatorial toga to the tournament, the like of which no minstrel ever sang of, in which the chivalry of ancient days had a resurrection in the noble deportment of the two contestants, while the sparks that flew from their steel aroused the nation from its indifference and prepared it for the inevitable conflict; it was in Illinois that the defeated aspirant for a seat in the American Areopagus, was named to be the banner-bearer of the young but earnest Republican host; it was from Illinois that he set out to assume the duties of his high destiny to guide his nation through the fiery furnace of war that the nation might be preserved, standing guard over the patrimony of Washington, and a second Moses, with a sweep of his pen, striking the shackles of slavery from off millions of human beings. It was to Illinois that his consecrated dust was carried back, after he had fallen the last peace-offering on the altar wet with tears and blood, of patriotism, disarming in his death more enemies than his field-marshals had conquered even in heroically fought and hotly disputed battles. In the very shadow of Illinois' capitol, his grave is found, a western Pisgah, sharing its sanctifying associations with but one other pilgrim shrine for this great American people—Mount Vernon reflected in the waves of the historic Potomac.

Illinois is the happy possessor of many treasures and much wealth. Her rolling prairies reward without stint the court paid them by plow and hoe; her rivers lend their backs willingly to keels heavily freighted with the fruit of her children's labors. The steel bands, along which pulsates the life-blood of commerce, have laid their interlaced net-work across her territory in wonderful exuberance and have crowned her a reigning princess over wide stretches of land contiguous to her borders; she has at her door the freedom of an inland ocean; in her bosom she carries legacy of no mean value of black diamonds. Her hamlets betoken the thrift of their people; her towns have always been vocal with clanking hammers and the whirl of busy wheels, as long as from the nation's capital no schemes were dreaded to weaken American industrial independence and American honesty; her metropolis—a world in itself, a Babel of all the tongues spoken on God's foot-stool, young though she be, even now weary of ranking second in the hierarchy of the populous queens of the evening's hemisphere, and taking mighty strides to realize her burning passion to be the first, confident in the omnipotence of her self-conscious "I will" which has turned tides of disasters into torrents of triumphs, which made her, for the whole republic, the dignified hostess of all civilized nations, and gave her the daring to change by the wand of her matchless determination, a yawning swamp into a paradise, a dream of beauty the White City of wonders—Chicago, the first among the daughters of Illinois, erst the synonym of stupendous store-houses of sustenance for material man, is become the patroness of the arts and sciences. She has made luminous her smoke-curtained sky with the beacon fires of learning and philanthropy, for which the civic pride of her sons have founded homes on a scale rivaling the establishments of the ancient world. The winds which sweep her streets have been given a new voice. They speak no longer the dialect of the grossly material; they prophesy of near achievements in the realm of the ideal. But all the riches of prairie and river; all the wealth of quiet hamlet and busy hives of men; the clatter of foundries and the clinking of anvils; the puff of locomotives and the shriek of steamers—what do they token when held over and against the one distinction of Illinois, to have been the Home State of Grant and Logan, of immortal, "incomparably great and good, honest old Abraham Lincoln"?

The people of Illinois feel that this distinction places upon them the burden of a great responsibility. The times call for the emulation of those virtues which made Lincoln a tower of strength in his day and generation. It is true, the issues in which he had so decisive a part, are decided. The war between the sections is ended. Those that wore the blue and those that did honor to the gray, have shaken hands over the bloody chasm. One flag is now theirs, on which the valor of both and the heroism of both—both American soldiers—has shed luster undying, and for the defense of which, if need there should be—which a good Lord may graciously forefend—both would, shouldering their guns, stand shoulder to shoulder, a bastion of living breasts against which every enemy would hurl himself only to meet death and to court defeat. But peace has its conquests and its dangers no less than war. Patriotism to guard the ballot-box is as essential as it was to speed the bullet in the dark days of doubt. Lincoln was patriotism incarnate. Shall his memory have not the appeal over us to go out once more upon the highest of patriotic transfiguration?

A quickened and chastened patriotism in our people will work the redemption which we feel is the need of the hour; it will kindle the lamp whereby to solve the perplexities of our day. "The government of the people, by the people and for the people" is not a failure. The nation wedded to liberty, is as well equipped as any other, nay, it is better prepared to behead the dragon that, issuing from the caverns of darkness and selfishness today the world over, is challenging to battle the forces that stand for the most precious fruits of civilization. Yet to this end, every citizen of the United States must today be baptized anew in the spirit of patriotism as animated and sustained our martyred president, Abraham Lincoln. Political indifference is treason under our form of government. If politics be unclean, whose fault is it? Theirs who put ease or selfish interests above public duty. A field in which Lincoln plucked laurels can only by neglect come to be overrun by weeds.

In a republic there can be no higher title than politician; for it is the duty of every citizen to be a politician. Patriotism and politics do not stand at opposite poles. They should be interchangeable terms. For is there a higher call than to help ascertain and realize the will of the people which knows no higher ruler than its own enlightened conscience? Neither are party and patriotism antipodal. As varied currents of the winds are necessary in the economy of nature, so are needed in the world of political action opposite views. But the patriot chooses his view-point conscientiously knowing that country takes precedence over party, that he serves his party best who serves his country best. Lincoln, the patriot, was a partisan; Lincoln, the partisan, was a patriot. The republicans of Illinois feel that a party which had among its sponsors such heroes as Lincoln, and Seward, and Fremont, has yet a mission to perform. True, no party can live on past achievements, however glorious they may be. The record of our party is one, we believe, that may well swell with joy the bosom of every loyal adherent of its principle. A party which under Lincoln, saved the Union; which placed the credit of the country on the sound basis of honesty; which strove to establish the industrial independence of this country, we, of Illinois, believe may well be trusted with the ability and the sincerity to maintain the good repute of our nation as a people, of whose sterling honesty "Honest Abe" was an example, as a people willing to redeem its solemn pledges, to insure evermore the industrial autonomy of this country, an autonomy which will not unman the manhood of our laboring man, and so situate them as to leave them free to organize under the law without resorting to a despotism which is un-American to say the least.

We republicans of Illinois believe that a certain party's usefulness lies in its destiny to be the critic of the republicans, as whenever it has come to power it has shown its incompetency to materialize a single positive measure, so much so that its president

had almost to turn republican to save the credit and honor of the flag! We, of Illinois, believe in republicanism as the best formulation of Americanism! There is much Americanism which is an abuse of the adopted appellation. Its outcry is against the "foreigners," whom it would make the scapegoat of all of its own sins. Whoever is loyal to the stars and stripes, wherever his cradle may have stood, and whatever his native tongue may be, is an American.

Many whose birth-land is this country are less devoted to "old glory" than are thousands and thousands who have adopted its graceful folds to drape with a beloved symbol their love for the land which they sought with souls athirsting for liberty and the rights and duties sacramental at her altars. This larger Americanism, this deeper patriotism will, we are confident, give our party the strength to eradicate from our political practices the poisoned root of corruption, the spoils system. Not for places, but for principles, must be our watch-word. It was Lincoln's!

Martyred high priest of liberty, thy name is our talisman! To new duties the bugles call, new dangers beset the people to whom thou gavest thy life, thy love! Lead thou the spirit of the van. In the serried host which will follow to victory, none should be more loyal in patriotic devotion to principle than thy fellow-partisans. And among them, a guard around the palladium, the sons of that state, the republicans of that belt, which thy fame has made forever emblematic of thy early struggles and triumphs, thy later services, where thy mortality is entombed—will know that most is asked of them because their home was also thine, their and thy beloved Illinois!

The Home

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. Love must last.

Mon.—All great things grow noiselessly.

Tues.—As Nature forms the complement of the natural life, so God is the complement of the spiritual.

Wed.—It is not indifference that keeps some men from God, but ignorance.

Thurs.—To find a new Environment again and cultivate relation with it is to find a new Life.

Fri.—The penalty of evading self-denial is just that we get the lesser instead of the larger good.

Sat.—The quality of the Eternal Life alone makes the heaven; mere everlastingness might be no boon.

—*Henry Drummond.*

In the Garden.

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad,—
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, plashless, as they swim.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

The Little Red Squirrel.

Mr. Brown and two of his boys were chopping down trees for firewood. An oak was falling, and before it touched the ground a pretty red squirrel leaped out of a hole near the top, raced away and scampered up another tree before they had time to say a word.

"That is a beauty!" said Mr. Brown. "If we had only known he was keeping house up in this tree we would not have chopped it down."

"Yes, sir, it is too bad," said Johnny. Red squirrels are so scarce, too. And just see how many nuts the little fellow had saved up. It must have taken him a long time to gather them. And now the nuts are all gone in the woods."

"I s'pose we might as well take the nuts now," said Eddy, "they won't do him any good."

"Wait a little," said their father, "I'm not so sure but Mr. Squirrel may take care of the nuts himself. We'll work awhile on the other side of the hill and give him a chance." So they went away, leaving the pile of nuts undisturbed. But the boys, taking a sly peep now and then, several times caught sight of the little squirrel frisking about the fallen tree.

A few hours afterward, when they returned to the spot, they found every nut gone, but hearing a lively chattering, they glanced up and saw a pair of bright eyes looking down at them from a hole in a tree near by, and caught just a glimpse of a bushy red tail.—*American Youth.*

Don't Grasp Too Many at a Time. "I can mind once," says an old man, "when I was a little boy, helping mother to store away apples, I put my arm around ever so many of them, and tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one, and another, and two or three more, till they were rolling all over the floor. Mother laughed.

" 'Now, Daniel,' she said, 'I am going to teach you a lesson.'

"So she put my little hands tight around one apple.

" 'There,' she said, 'bring that, and then fetch another.'

"I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doing ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much at once. Don't go trying to put your arms round a year! And don't you go troubling about next week. Wake up in the morning and think like this:

" 'Here's another day come. Whatever I do and whatever I don't do, Lord, help me to do this: help me to live it to Thee!'

"If you take an old man's advice, friends, you will be sure to be happy at all times."—*Selected.*

The Underground Swell: They tell a good story about a young man who was prone to unlimited brag about his ancestors, and who was wont to remark with annoying frequency about his splendid lineage. When he was in the country, one day, an old gentleman who had listened as long and as patiently as he could to the young man's braging, ventured a remark:—

"Young man, you make me think of our 'tater crop."

The young man was anxious to know how he, the representative of so splendid a line, could lead any one to thoughts about his humble vegetable production.

"I'll tell you why," the old man remarked; "it's because the likeliest part of you seems to be underground."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"A little girl drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and calling her mother's attention to it, said, "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs, but I drew her with six so she could run away from the dog."—*The Myrtle.*

A Weighty Question.—The French Canadians are not without a considerable sense of humor, and they highly appreciate the following story, told of a prosperous baker in a town not far from Quebec:

The baker was in the habit of buying his butter in pound balls, or rolls, from a farmer with whom he did a good deal of business. Noticing that these butter balls looked rather small, he weighed them, and found that they were all under a pound in weight. Thereupon he had the farmer brought before the magistrate, and accused him of dishonest practices.

"These butter balls," said the judge to the farmer, "weigh less than a pound. Have you any scales?"

"I have," answered the farmer.

"And have you weights?"

"No; no weights."

"Then how can you weigh your butter balls?"

"That's very simple," said the farmer. "While I've been selling the baker butter, I've been buying pound loaves of bread from him, and I use them for weights on my scales!"—*The Myrtle.*

A Baby Hero.—France has her decorations for those who save human lives. The other day at the Trocadero the Sauveteurs awarded their medal to Eugene Poiret, a baby three years old. A few months ago, when the boy was playing with his younger brother in the yard of his home at Marly-la-Ville, the latter, aged two, fell head-foremost into a tub of water.

Eugene, "a big fellow of three," rushed to the rescue, but succeeded only in holding him by his clothes. His loud cries for "maman" were not heard, and his little fists could hardly hold their heavy burden any longer. Then he fell upon the idea of calling "Julie," the name by which his father called his mother. This brought the mother upon the scene; in another moment she had her two children in her arms, and in a few hours afterward the children had forgotten their adventure.—*Exchange.*

The burgomaster of the city, at Carlsbad, directs the cooking at the hotels, in accordance with the counsel of the physicians. Early hours are the order of the day and night.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Coon Rapids, Ia.

The society here has united with Perry in the invitation to Rev. L. D. Cochrane. He is to speak here one Sunday out of each month.

Des Moines.

The annual Parish Meeting was held January 22, with an attendance of about seventy-five at the supper and about sixty at the business meeting which followed. The report of the treasurer showed the receipts for the past year to have been:

From Subscribers	$1,300.70
From A. U. A.	375.00
From Collections	245.39
	$1,921.09

After all accounts were reckoned there was reported to be a deficit in the current expenses of $274.62—this being a little over one hundred dollars less than the deficit at the beginning of last year.

The Woman's Unity Club reported an average attendance of twenty-eight at the regular literary meetings, and a much larger attendance on "Social Days," some of which have been of an especially attractive character. The funds raised by the club consist of membership fees and of receipts from the church suppers, which are managed by the Social Committee of the club, and amounted in all to $101.14.

The Sunday-school reported an average attendance of twenty-nine and an average collection of sixty-nine cents. The total receipts for the year from collections, donations and birthday party were $61.05. "Had the average attendance been made from the records, beginning with September, it would have shown a decided increase over that of last year. One encouraging feature of the Sunday-school work is the increased number of adult members, whose enthusiasm and help have done much to arouse interest in the work."

The Social and Industrial Club, "having for its primary object the raising of funds for the purchase of a pipe organ for the church," reported fourteen regular meetings held during the year, and an active membership of twenty. The club purchased an organ last year for $325, paying $150 down. This year they are pledged to pay $100 more.

Including the proceeds from the fair, which was held December 5 and 6, the total receipts for the year were $139.21; total expenditures, $54.79; leaving balance on hand of $84.42.

The committee on Old and New reported eighty-eight subscribers to the Des Moines edition, and twenty on the Mission mailing list, making a total regular mailing list of one hundred and eight. Receipts for the year were:

From Subscriptions	$18.00
From Advertising	56.00
Total Receipts	$74.00
Deficit at the present time	33.56

When all accounts are paid there will be a surplus of $20.94.

The Young People's Religious Union reported that it was organized the 26th of last October with about ten members, and has at present thirty active members. The Union meets every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the church parlor. After songs and responsive reading, a paper is read by some member of the Union, followed by discussion. The Union hopes to have a scientific lecture one Sunday evening each month in the church. "There is also under consideration the advisability of securing lecturers and undertaking a University Extension Course." The Union has decided to join and co-operate with the proposed National Unitarian Union of Young People's Societies.

After presenting the discouraging and encouraging aspects of his work as minister in the Des Moines church, Mr. Harvey expressed his feeling that after nearly five years' work, the results had not been what he had hoped nor what the church could desire, and he therefore formally presented his resignation, to take place at such time as should be agreed upon by the trustees and himself.

The chairman presented the matter of the minister's resignation, and the following resolution was proposed:

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting that the services of Mr. Harveyin the past have been satisfactory; that they entitle him to the confidence of this congregation; and that we decline to accept his resignation as pastor of this church.

The resolution was adopted by a ballot vote of forty-four to four.—*Old and New.*

Freeport Ill.

Rev. A. N. Alcott, who has won the hearts of all who have heard him during the year he has been here, says the Freeport *Bulletin*, officiated last evening at the Liberal church for the last time as president of the society. The attendance was very large and the sermon was one of the most beautiful ever heard in the church. He took for his subject, Ian McClaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and everyone was delighted with his discourse. After the close of the services Rev. Alcott tendered his resignation as president of the society, which was accepted with considerable reluctance, as he has greatly endeared himself to the people. There are many people who deeply regret the inability of Mr. Alcott to be with them any more, but he is compelled to give it up. He was given a year by his church in Elgin to conduct services here and as it is one month over that year it is necessary that he should be with his church.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

The First Universalist Church in this city has recently settled Rev. G. W. Skilling as its pastor, and now sends forth "An Invitation, a Statement and a Program." It asserts that the First Universalist Church "is an institution for religious, moral and intellectual culture," and says that "in the pursuit of this purpose your belief or lack of belief will be no bar to fellowship; a common purpose is better than a common creed." "Before man can intelligently decide the various problems of religion, he must know something of his own race history. 'Whence came he?' must be thoughtfully considered before he can logically dispose of the question 'Whither shall he go?'" Consequently the minister has outlined a series of sermons on "The Rise of Humanity *vs.* the Fall of Man." The first topic is the question stated or "Religious Optimism *vs.* Religious Pessimism," followed in the evening by "The Adam of Genesis." On the next Sunday the "Theory of Evolution" is the topic, to be followed in the evening by "The Adam of Anthropology." The next topic is "The Struggle for Life" to be followed in the evening by "The Consistency of God's Laws." Then "The Struggle for Others," to be followed by "The Origin of Morals." Besides the Sunday sermons, the social and intellectual life of the church seems amply provided for. There is a Junior Social Circle and a Senior Social Circle. There is a Monday Club taking up such topics as "The Cliff Dwellers," "The Age of Bronze," "The Civilization of Ancient Egypt" and the "Beginnings of Art." There is also a Unity Club that meets on alternate weeks. Mr. Skilling seems beginning his work in a wise and energetic way, and his course, if carried out, ought

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From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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Keokuk, Ia.

Rev. W. A. Pratt has resigned to accept a call to the church at Colorado Springs. The pulpit will be filled at as early a date as possible. Mr. Pratt has been a vigorous worker and his efforts have brought new life into the society.

Odebolt, Ia.

Miss Safford recently lectured under the auspices of a literary society of Odebolt, to a fine audience of about two hundred people. She has been invited to preach there Sunday evening, Feb. 2. It is hoped that a Liberal society may be formed there in the near future.

Perry, Ia.

Unity Church has invited Rev. L. D. Cochrane, of Bar Harbor, Maine, to supply the pulpit for two months. Mr. Cochrane has consented to come and has named April 1 as the date when he will begin.

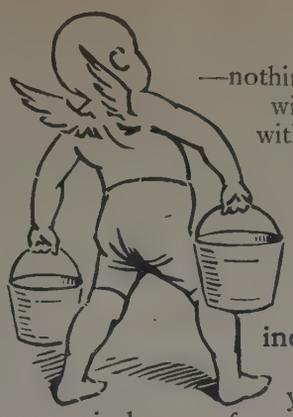
It will be remembered that Mr. Cochrane spent a month in Perry in the spring of 1892. He will doubtless be welcomed with as great enthusiasm as when he preached here before.

St. Cloud, Minn.

The eighth annual meeting of the Unitarian society in this city was held recently and was in every way a great success. Over one hundred persons sat down to the tables. The first toast of the evening was by the minister, Rev. C. F. Brown, on the motto of the church, "Honesty of Thought, Freedom of Expression, Helpfulness of Life." "The Sunday School" was responded to by Mrs. W. A. Shoemaker, and "The Unity Club" by Miss Dora Wells, while "The Better Half of the Church" was considered by Mr. G. H. Reynolds. Rev. W. R. Lord of the Unity Church, St. Paul, was also present and responded to the toast for that church, giving a very forcible, frank and inspiring address. A most interesting letter was also read from Rev. C. T. Staples, a former minister of the church. A great deal of enthusiasm for the liberal cause was developed at this meeting and several names were added to the roll of the church at the close of the meeting. The outlook for the coming year is very promising.

Denver.

The idea of holding in this city a grand "Congress of Truth" has been discussed for several months. The congress will gather together the representatives of the different sects and religions for the purpose of advancing truth as each understands it. The meetings will present to the public the best minds in the Rocky Mountain region and will be on the same order of the World's Fair Congress of Religions, only on a smaller scale. The object of the congress is the free interchange of ideas and beliefs on the existence of truth as applied to religion. The mass meetings will be held some time this month in the largest hall that can be procured, as an attendance computed by thousands is expected. The congress will last three days and as many evenings, and during the whole period an array of oratorical talent is expected to enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion and make the meetings but the first of annual gatherings of like nature. Rabbi Friedman was selected permanent president. The rabbi did not feel like accepting the honor. He promised to enter into the work in a minor capacity. The sentiment of the meeting, however, was contrary and he was forced to accept the chair. The officers of the congress are as follows: President, Rabbi W. S. Friedman; vice-presidents, Bishop War-



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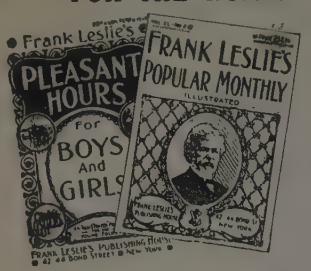

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The Study Club.

Knowledge is Power.

The Young People's Guild.

The program of the third year of the Young People's Guild at the Unitarian Church at Sheffield, Illinois, has come to hand. This society meets every Sunday evening at half past six and has a varied and attractive list of subjects. The object of the Guild is stated to be "to cultivate the higher life, awaken the best thought, and stimulate and direct rational religious aspiration." The following are some of the topics for successive Sunday evenings: "Nature of True Progress," "Looking at the Bright Side," "Education of the Temper," "Thomas Paine, the Apostle of Freedom," "The Relation of Health to Morals," "On Being a Man," "The Power of the World," "The Relation of Music to Soul," "How to Make Life Easier for Others," "The Influence of Little Things," "The Newspaper as a Moral Aid to Society," "True Friendship," "Duties of the Members to the Guild," "How Does the Sunday School Help its Scholars," "True Womanhood," "Hamlet, a Study of Shakespeare," and two lectures on "The New State of Utah" by the minister, Rev. Stanley M. Hunter.

The Study Table

THIS is the Children's day, as is proven by the educational venture known as "Hull House Children's Building." A full description of this unique home for all that concerns childhood in a certain section of Chicago, is given by Miss Bertha Payne in the February *Kindergarten Magazine.* Among other topics which are discussed in the same number are: Pioneer Experiences of Elizabeth Peabody; How to Teach Color, Earl Barnes; a discourse on the Froebel Doctrine translated from the Spanish; an illustrated sketch of Willow Basket Making, appropriate evening work for boys' clubs; Parents' Round Table, with a review of practical home questions; daily kindergarten, nursery and school help. Single numbers 25 cents. Kindergarten Literature Co., 166 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

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Religious Origin of Sculpture.

What evidence Greek records yield, though not extensive, is to the point. Curtius, who, referring to actions of the singers and composers of hymns as well as to those of the plastic artists, says that "the service of the temple comprehends the whole variety of these efforts," also says that "the earliest sculptors were persons of a sacerdotal character." On another page he adds, concerning sculpture—

". . . in this domain of artistic activity, all things were bound by the decrees of the priests and by close relations with religion . . . They [artists] were regarded as persons in the service of the divine religion."

The extent to which sculpture subserved religious purposes may be judged from the statement of Mahaffy that—

"The greatest sculptors, painters, and architects had lavished labor and design upon the buildings [of the oracle at Delphi]. Though Nero had carried off 500 bronze statues, the traveler estimated the remaining works of art at 3,000, and yet these seem to have been almost all statues."

As showing the course of professional development it may be remarked that though, in archaic Greek sculpture, the modes of representing the various deities were, as in Egypt and India, so completely fixed in respect of attitudes, clothing, and appurtenances that change was sacrilege, the art of the sculptor, thus prevented from growing while his semi-priestly function was under priestly control, simultaneously began to acquire freedom and to lose its sacred character when in such places as the pediments of temples, figures other than divine, and subjects other than those of worship, came to be represented. Apparently through transitions of this kind it was that sculpture became secularized. Men engaged in chiseling out statues and reliefs in fulfilment of priestly dictates were regarded simply as a superior class of artisans, and did not receive credit as artists. But when, no longer thus entirely controlled, they executed works independently, they gained applause by their artistic skill and "became prominent celebrities, whose studios were frequented by kings."
—Herbert Spencer, in Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* for February.

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Discoveries in South Russia.

Our Odessa correspondent tells us that the curator of the St. Petersburg Imperial Archæological Committee, Mr. Goshkevitch, has made some archæological discoveries along the banks of the Dnieper (Borysthenes) and the Bug (Hypanis). Opposite the village of Kisliakovka are the ruins of the ancient town of Olbia, described by Herodotus as surrounded by a wall with many towers, and distinguished for its extensive trade and its civilization. The ramparts and inner parts are well preserved, and terra cotta figures with subjects from domestic life, pottery, and small vessels are continually being discovered by the villagers. The number of ancient sites discovered by Mr. Goshkevitch is 15. Each is situated on the steep bank of the river, which forms a natural defense against surprise attacks, and the other three sides are surrounded by ramparts in a good state of preservation, with the ruins of dwelling places within the walls. At Propastnoe, on the edge of the ravine of the same name, many ancient Greek vessels were found, and both here and on the banks of the Bug were found pieces of money of the time of Emperor Theodosius the Great, who reigned near the end of the fourth century. In the village of Kisliakovka evident traces were discovered of an ancient Greek settlement, and the curator discovered a head of a statue. The peasants a short time ago unearthed a splendid Greek statue, but, being ignorant of its value, they destroyed it, although they sell to the first buyer the coins they find at the ancient site of Olbia, and many private persons in those parts have splendid numismatic collections of the Scythian and other periods.

In a tumulus near the well-known Borysthenian burying ground was found a vault-like chamber, faced with oak blocks, and a floor made white with cement or lime. A skeleton was lying on a stone slab with extended arm bones and on the wrist a bracelet of pure gold. Around the neck were four finely worked gold and amber necklaces, and at the hip bone was a kind of knife or sword. Thirty bone arrows in a quiver, as well as a corytos or bow case, were near the skull, but the quiver crumbled away on exposure to the air. The skeleton crumbled to dust on being touched. Mr. Goshkevitch thinks it belongs to the Scythian period. In a ravine opening up into the valley of the Borysthenes (Dnieper) a considerable number of mammoth bones were discovered.

The curator has brought away to the Kherson Museum a massive piece of statuary having on its two sides crosses and cypress leaves, as well as a bunch of "prisob." This work is believed to belong to the period when the Genoese colonies were flourishing on the shores of the Black Sea.—London *Times*.

Ignorance of the Bible.

Once our fathers had few books, no newspapers, no facilities for communication with the world, and the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress" were almost the only works accessible among the people. Then the Bible had the first place, but now it has been dethroned by the pressure of modern life, until the generation in middle age and their children are growing up so ignorant of even the Bible stories, to say nothing of its great truths, that they do not understand them in the ordinary intercourse of life, or in their relation to literature. The Bible stories have heretofore been one of the treasures of childhood, but now they are not familiarly known.

This ignorance has begun to show itself in life. An American house, extensively engaged in the manufacture of stained glass windows, reports that the demand for biblical subjects represented in this form has greatly fallen off, because those who are ordering them for the churches are so ignorant of the Bible that they do not appreciate the fitness of a Bible story for this purpose. They have to be taught their Bible before they can rightly value the art which they desire to employ. In other days the richest forms of stained glass have been those that reproduced the familiar scenes of the Bible and their lessons.

What shall be done to restore the Bible to its place? We are not a religious people, and do not have enough regard for sacred things to adequately maintain that side of life. The preference of sentiment to religion in art indicates that show takes the place of reality, and perhaps there is no better illustration of where our weakness lies; but if the Bible is not to take its old place in the church and the home, it is not to lose its hold of life. It is the greatest literature of the world. Its

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appeal to us is on the highest plane. It is inexhaustible. It may be less authoritative through a transitional period, but the time is not distant when it will again be read, not, perhaps, as an oracle, but as the one book which reveals us most to ourselves, and as the treasury of the highest truth that has yet been given to mankind. It is the strong conviction of those who have given the Bible most attention, that it is only temporarily neglected, and that when it ceases to be a fetich its matchless truths will stand out in brighter luster than ever before. The Bible has not passed away because this generation is less familiar with it than other generations have been. It is the literature of the Hebrew people, and it is so wrought into our institutions and into all that belongs to our highest life that it can never lose its place as the chief teacher of the human race.—*Boston Herald.*

Latent Heritages.

In some cases we can prove that a so-called reversion is simply the manifestation of a feature which is latent in the structure of all the normal individuals of the species. The occurrence of a distinct premaxillary bone in man is an example of this sort of reversion. It is the outcome of the arrest of normal development, and this arrest might have happened to any member of the species. We do not know what causes the arrest, but the view that it is due to some adverse circumstance which has kept the individual from completing its development is much more simple and probable than the view that the child inherits its distinct premaxilla from any ancestor except its parents.

When the son of a beardless boy grows up and acquires a beard, we may be permitted to say that he has inherited his grandfather's beard; but this is only a figure of speech, and he actually inherits the beard which his father might have acquired had he lived; nor would the case of a child descended from a series of ten or a hundred beardless boys and beardless women be any different. If we were to propagate a plant by cuttings, for ten or a hundred generations, under conditions which did not permit it to flower, and were finally to put the last of the series where it did flower, we should not be justified in saying that it did not inherit its flower from the preceding cutting; nor would the case be any different if, for some reason, this preceding cutting could not be made to bloom.—From "The Study of Inheritance," by Prof. W. K. Brooks, in Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* for February.

Some Advice About Diet.

In speaking of the lectures of Mrs. Rorer on cookery, *The Medical Record*, New York, makes the following remarks: "While we are not quite sure that all the lady says will be accepted by sanitarists and professional hygienists, yet she undoubtedly throws off some sparks of wisdom which ought to illumine wide areas in this dyspeptic country. Potatoes, as we understand Mrs. Rorer, are little better than poison if eaten in any excess. One potato a day seems to be the Rorer limit. Medical experience, in a measure, confirms the fact that the potato is not the best type of vegetable for brain-workers—at least, for the neurotic type of individual, though it does well enough for those who work outdoors all day. To eat pickles is to show a lack of education, according to the Rorer gospel. To eat them in this country rather shows that the person is in a stage of adolescence, or is suffering from certain hysterical tendencies. Pickles and candy seem to

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be the two things to which the nervous activity of maturing young people naturally tend. To eat them shows rather a lack of balance than of training. Cooked apples are more easily digested, but not so good for the health, says the lady. The sugar in fruit is digestible, but the sugar of commerce is an abomination. Oatmeal is a valuable food if cooked for three hours and well masticated, and all starchy foods must be cooked for hours. These are truths which medical experience abundantly corroborates. Dr. McCall Anderson, for example, states that oatmeal, which causes eruptions and pruritus to some people, can be eaten without any unpleasant results if it is cooked for three or four hours. Cabbage and onions meet approval, provided they are cooked so that they have no odor. When there is odor they are ruined for food. And the art of cooking them without odor consists in keeping them in water that is just below the boiling-point. Mrs. Rorer seems to think that Welsh rarebits are better and more digestible than bread and butter, and she herself eats one every day for lunch."

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Ancient Correspondence.

We have become possessed of certain very important indications as to the early civilization of Palestine by means of clay tablets. Not that the knowledge so attained is altogether new, or that it conflicts with that which has been deduced from yet earlier Egyptian records. It is well known to scholars that Thothmes III., when he defeated the league of Hittites and Phœnicians at Megiddo, in 1600 B. C. (a century before Amenophis III. acceded), reaped a spoil which indicates the advanced civilization of Syria, including not only the precious metals and chariots painted and plated, but also objects of art having a high æsthetic value, and that he found corn, wine and oil abundant in the country and many hundreds of walled towns, in which there were already temples of the gods.

Such evidence has, however, been slighted by those who regard the early Hebrews as savages, and who think that, though placed in the very center of the ancient civilized world between the Egyptians and the Assyrians, they were, nevertheless, unacquainted with any arts and uninfluenced by surrounding culture. The new discoveries insist on quite another understanding of their ancient history.

It is surely a lesson of humility that the modern student should learn from such discoveries. Voltaire was no doubt a writer of great originality and acumen, though, from our present stand-point, wonderfully ignorant of antiquity. He finds it hard to believe that Homer's poems could have been written down before 600 B. C., and asserts that papyrus had not been invented in Egypt in the time of Moses, though we now possess in the maxims of Ptah-hotep a manuscript as old as the pyramids.

We find, on the contrary, that not only in Egypt or in Mesopotamia was the art of writing known in the time of Moses, but that the inhabitants of Palestine also could pen a brick epistle, which in the space of a few inches contained as much information as can now be condensed into a sheet of note-paper. Such letters were neither heavy nor bulky, and could be carried in the turban or in the folds of the shirt-bosom just as easily as paper letters are now so carried, with the additional advantage that they were imperishable, as is witnessed by the fact that they are now being read three thousand five hundred years after they were written.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Notice.

If the subscribers to the NEW UNITY, who are sending the paper to me, will give their address in full on the first page of the next paper they send, it will be a help to my post-office work. I could use a score more copies of this paper to good advantage. It is most excellent and helpful. If you are tempted to destroy or leave unused a single paper, REMEMBER ME and the POST-OFFICE MISSION.

JOHN S. BROWN,
Lawrence, Kansas.

THERE is to be opened in Boston this fall a kindergarten settlement, to be known as the Elizabeth Peabody House. It is designed as a memorial to Elizabeth Peabody, who did so much, in the early days of kindergartening, to help the cause. The plan is to take a house in some poor and crowded quarter, and officer it with a group of eight or ten kindergarteners, normal students and teachers. They will conduct a kindergarten, and through acquaintance with the children enter into friendly and helpful relations with the people of the neighborhood. Interesting plans are under consideration for a cooking school, a training class for nursery maids, and for mothers' clubs and classes, where helpful hints may me given as to the care of children and of the home.

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Here we have the gist of the matter. There is a consensus of opinion in the competent that crime is not fortuitous; likewise that there is one sure method for betterment: "*in preventing the more faulty members from breeding.*—Nathan Oppenheim, M. D., in *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for February.

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